Not Love At First Sight

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Not Love At First Sight

by SammyL

Summary

Will Graham is a professor at the FBI academy. Hannibal Lecter is, well himself. With a surprising and sudden twist of fate, these two will come together. What will happen? Who knows.

Notes

WARNING: Reader be ware.

See the end of the work for more notes

Prologue

It was just supposed to be another normal week. Wake, let the dogs out. Shower, dress, make the dogs breakfast. Call the dogs in, eat a bland piece of toast and down a cup or two of burnt coffee while the dogs ate. Let the dogs back out. Grab his bag, papers, laptop. Put his boots on, call the dogs in. Rub behind little doggie ears, kiss wet noses and hug each sweet member of his pack. Grab his keys and jacket, say a soft "See you guys latter", lock up his little farm house and head off to work in his old and beat up vehicle.

Arrive at work, find a parking space far enough away from others. "Was that Beverly's car?" Spend the next few morning hours talking at supposedly bright FBI trainees. Eat an uninspiring, tasteless lunch – if he remembered to stop by the cafeteria to grab said lunch. Prepare for his afternoon classes then waste his afternoon hours teaching said classes. With the school day over, it was pack his things up, head to his car and return home. Making sure to stop by the local Wolf Trap grocery store for that night's frozen dinner.

Arrive home, great each dog by name. Let the dogs out, make their dinner and pop his own meal into the microwave oven. Call the dogs in, eat dinner together. Stare at the liquor cabinet, shake his head and settle for his homemade southern sweet tea instead as he graded his students' work. Let the dogs out one more time for the night. Strip, call the dogs in and then crawl into bed to await sleep. Curl around his pack as they began to join him in his bed and finally fall into a peaceful, dream filled slumber.

Rinse. Repeat.

Fate however, decided that she had other plans for Will Graham.

Jack Crawford Is An Asshole

His students wandered from the classroom, their voices blurring into a buzz of s as they gossiped and discussed their plans for the evening. As he was placing the last of his papers into his briefcase; he caught sight of a far too familiar and a most unwanted face. With the last of his students gone, he snapped the locks on his briefcase closed.

"Whatever it is Jack, I want no part of it."

"Eight girls are missing Will."

Will glared at the man heading towards him like a bulldog with a bone to pick. "The FBI has many bright, brilliant agents among its ranks, Jack,"

"None of them are you Will."

Will huffed out a sardonic laugh. "Thank fuck for that."

Jack's perpetual frown deepened. "I serious Will."

"So am I Jack." Will slid his briefcase off his desk. "I am not the only person in this world Jack. I can't solve every case, catch every murder and bad guy; Jack. I am not a god."

"I don't need a god, Will." Jack moved closer to Will, invading his personal space. Will was not unused to this imitation tactic of Jack's. The man had used it time and time again on Will, forcing the once young and easily influenced man to do whatever it was that Jack wanted him to do. "Eight girls are missing Will. Eight families have been torn apart. Eight Fathers, eight mothers; are awaiting answers. Answers that you can give them, Will."

"You are just as capable of providing those answers as I, Jack."

"Will, -"

"No, Jack." Will raised a hand, waving off anything that Jack had to say. There had been a time when Will had loved being out in the field. Down in Louisiana, he had quickly made detective in the New Orleans homicide department. He had closed more cases than any other detective in the past ten years. His closure rate had earned him many enemies, both amongst the criminals and his fellow law enforcement officers. He hadn't cared though. The criminals were of no concern, he could easily handle them. As for his fellow officers, he shrugged their obvious jealously off. He had not joined law enforcement to make friends.

Will's reputation for solving cases eventually found its way to the FBI and Agent Jack Crawford's ears. The Head of the Behavioral Analysis Unit couldn't let such a grand potential for his team to escape him. So, the bastard headed down to New Orleans personally to invite Will into the FBI. He had known just what to say to convince the young detective to move all the way up to Virgina and enter the FBI academy. Two years later, Will Graham was an official FBI agent and firmly under Jack Crawford's thumb.

The first year was a whirlwind of cases. Will barely had a moment to breath. It had been heady and euphoric. In his second year as an agent, the high had begun to wane. By the end of his third year, he hated Jack Crawford. With his fourth year as an agent; Will was an angry, cranky, jaded man. He argued with Jack constantly, refusing to simply roll over for the man.

That's when the sleepwalking began. His nights had long since been filled with blood and death, only worsening with his work for the FBI. Despite found walking down the street in nothing but his underwear and waking to find himself standing on his roof; Will chose to ignore it. He couldn't ignore his loss of time on multiple occasions. As for the hallucinations... Beverly had enough and forced him into going to the doctors – terribly good friend that she was. Turned out that his brain was on fire.

NMDA Receptor or Antibody Encephalitis, the doctors said. He spent more time in the hospital than he had ever wanted to. Beverly and her girlfriend, Alana Bloom, took turns caring for his dogs and keeping Jack out of his hospital room. The doctors wanted Will to refrain from anything too stressing, such as work. Both he and Jack were prone to ignoring Will and his health. However; much to the surprise of everyone, himself included, Will put in a request to be taken out of the field and placed into the FBI academy as a professor. Jack was not happy; he had yelled for over an hour at Will before realizing – being informed by the director – that Will's health put him at serious risk of dying should his brain become under attack again.

Will was free of Jack Crawford a mere two months before the man darkened his classroom doorway. Since then, not a day had passed without Jack bothering him in one way or another.

"Jack, you are the head of the BAU. Surely you can give those families the answers that they seek."

"Will."

"No Jack. You need to do your own fucking job and stop expecting me to do it for you."

Jack's frown turned into a look of utter surprise. "What did you just say?"

Will leaned in close to Jack's ear. "You heard me, Jack. Do. Your. Own. Fucking. Job." With that, Will shoved Jack away from him and headed towards the classroom door and freedom.

"Get back here Will!"

"I'm not your bitch, Jack."

HANNIBAL LECTER LOVES WILL GRAHAM

"I want Will Graham to return to active field duty."

Kade Purnell eyed the man that rudely entered her office without warning. The urge to tell him to shove it and get out of her office passed through her with considerable strength.

Eventually, she put it aside and settled for professionalism. "Come in, Jack. Please have a seat."

Frowning, Jack did as she bade him. "I want Will Graham back on my team."

"Yes, I heard you the first-time agent. Does he want to return to the field? I have not received any request for such from him."

"He does. Will and I have been discussing his return to the field and my team for some time now. We came to the decision that it would be best if I put in a good word for him."

"Well, I will look into it. If it is deemed that he is healthy enough, I'll see the request approved."

Dance Partner

"You wanted to see me Director Purnell?"

Kade Purnell looked away from her computer, where she typed up a report. Her glasses sat low on her nose, giving her a cuter look than she normally sported. "Ah, Professor . Do please come in." She quickly saved her document and logged out of her computer, making sure to power it off. "Please have a seat, make yourself comfortable." Standing, she moved to a small side table where a single serve coffee machine sat with all the necessary ingredients sat to make a decent cup of coffee. "Care for a cup?"

Will gave a small nod. "Yes, thank you ma'am. I take it black."

Things were quiet as the coffee brewed. Kade brought over his coffee before taking her own up and returning to her seat behind her rather petit desk. Setting her glasses down, she leaned back in her chair and took a sip of her coffee.

"Jack Crawford came to see me yesterday." Kade watched Will for a reaction to her words. Will showed none. "Good." She thought to herself.

"He came to me in order to put in a good word for you." She looked Will directly in the eye, her lips twitching in humor. "For when you put in a request to return to active field duty."

Will rose one dark brow. "Odd. I have no intention to return to the field."

"Jack claimed otherwise. Stated that you and he had been discussing your return to the field for some time now. Said that you two agreed that it would be best for you if he came and put in a good word for you before you sent in your return request."

Will frowned. "Jack has been intent on me returning to the field and his team ever since I requested to be placed in the academy as a professor due to my health. Was pissed when he learned of the request."

"That is not surprising. Jack is not a man who likes things not going his way. Does everything to force both people and objects to bend to his will."

"He has Alpha Syndrome."

Kade gave a slight nod to the left in agreement. "A human believing he should be born an alpha."

"Too bad alphas are not born. Alpha is learned by being strong and defeating the previous alpha – should the child of the alpha want to do such a thing."

"Ah yes. So many humans misunderstand the alpha."

"Alphas are usually the parents of the other members of the pack. Female and male find one another, mate and have children. As such, they are in charge of the others. They protect, care for and maintain order."

"They don't rule." Kade agreed.

"You are human, are you not, Director Purnell?"

A surprised laugh burst from Kade. "It is rude to ask another about their mythos, outside of dating or medical situations, Mr. Graham."

Will shrugged. "I'm a rude kind of guy."

Another laugh escaped Kade. "That you are, Mr. Graham. That you are. To answer your question; yes, I am human. You, Mr. Graham; are not human however."

"Oh?"

Kade simply smiled. "Now Professor Graham, I am aware that the reason you do not wish to return to the field has more to with Jack Crawford and less to do with any medical illness you may suffer from.

"Despite my predecessor's attempts to hide any complaints filed against Jack, I have found quite a few of them. Far more than would be necessary, not only to remove him as head of the BAU; but to have him removed from the FBI all together. However, it has been some time since someone other than you have filed a complaint against Jack. Meaning that most of the complaints that I found, have come from you and you alone. Using the complaints that I have from you would not be enough to do anything than show that you two are having a conflict. Something to have Human Resources take care of.

"That is not something I wish for. I want Jack Crawford removed permanently from the FBI. Mr. Graham."

"Strange for someone to want the "Guru" out. Jack is highly praised by the FBI and is looked up to by many, if not all of the academy's students."

"That is part of the problem." Kade stood and went to stand by her window overlooking the parking lot. "There was a time when Jack Crawford was good at his job. He'd eared the title of "Guru" for a reason Mr. Graham. However, that time has long since passed. He has lost sight of what being an agent of law enforcement means.

"He pushes his team members past their limits, causing them to be unable to perform their duties properly. This means that the FBI is at risk of having contaminated evidence improper information and even missing whole facts. Last month, Jack released a recent recruit to his team because they had passed out at a crime scene. It came to my attention, that the man was sent to the hospital from the scene. He'd been admitted into the hospital due to severe dehydration, starvation and sleep deprivation. Jack had been running him ragged, refusing the agent any time to do the very things that all living beings, and even some not so living things, require to survive.

"There is no way to prove this though. Just the agent's word against anything Jack would say."

"Jack does not believe that he is capable of doing anything wrong."

"Even when he sends a trainee off to go missing, possibly, die by the hands of the Chesapeake Ripper."

"You're talking about Mariam Lass."

Kade nodded. "Yes. Jack has recruited more than six trainees to work on the Chesapeake Ripper case in the past two months alone."

"He is obsessed. The Ripper is his white whale."

"I have seen your reascent medical files, Mr. Graham. Your doctors believe that as long as you continue down your current health regimen, your encephalitis should not return." Kade returned to her seat. Leaning forward, she rested her crossed arms on her desk. "As such, I will be fulfilling Jack's demand that you return to active field duty and his team."

"Despite my wishes otherwise?"

Kade gave a dry chuckle. "The world of bureaucrats is full of dances, Mr. Graham. Care to be my dance partner?"

Coffee

Will's face was the picture of doom as he entered the BAU Labs. In one hand he held a cardboard cup carrier with four cups of coffee, fresh from the academy coffee house. In the other hand, he held a manila folder containing the BAU's recent case. Eight missing girls, all brunet with wind kissed skin. Each girl was just old enough to have been inquiring into colleges and universities. It was a sad state of affairs to be sure.

Will silently approached the three lab techs. Jimmy Price and Brian Zeller hadn't changed much over the past two years. Bickering between each other and finishing each other's thoughts and sentences. Beverly looked just as she had when he'd seen her the week before. Hair cut into a stylish pixie, a recent change from her long length she'd worn all her life. He cleared his throat, "Coffee delivery."

The three lab techs jumped. "Oh my god! Don't do that! You're gonna give someone a heart attack." Jimmy complained, one hand over his heart.

"Shit, Graham! What the hell you doing here? Never thought that you would darken these halls again."

Will held up the case file. "I'm part of the gang once again."

Beverly frowned. "Your docs okay with this?"

Will shrugged. "My health is good, better than it has been in six years. There are no signs of a relapse and two years have passed. As of right now, they can find no reason to object to my returning to field work. Gotta keep up with them and maintain a steady diet and all."

Beverly narrowed her eyes at him, her lips pursing. "Mmmm. Did you talk to Alana about this?"

"No."

Beverly sighed. "You're a grown man, Will. Neither of us can tell you what to do. Still, we will worry about you. Let us know if something goes wrong, all right."

Will nodded. Unoffended by her words. Beverly was a true friend and had been there for him in ways that his own parents had not been. The true care and love she offered him was not something he wished to let go to waste. "Sure thing, Bev."

Beverly nodded, pulling him into a tight hug. Smiling, his dark mood lightening, Will did his best to hug her back. "Okay," Bev pulled back from the hug. "Let's get you up to speed on the most recent updates to the case."

"Wait." Brian held up a hand. "Is that coffee that I see?"

Laughing, Will held out the coffee to his co-workers once again. They each took a cup, pleased to find them labeled with their names and made to their preferences. "You are a god send, Graham." Jimmy closed his eyes in pleasure. "We've been surviving on that oil that they have the nerve to call coffee from the cafeteria for the past few days."

"So, who's this?"

"This is Elise Nichols, the eighth girl to go missing." Brian said, holding a hand out in introduction to the young woman laying upon the lab table.

"You found her body?"

"No." Jimmy shook his head.

"Her mother found her late last night." Brian continued. "The family's cat was scratching and meowing at Elise's bedroom door."

"Mother entered the room when a breeze caught her attention. Elise Was lying in bed, looking for all the world like she was simply sleeping. The mother nearly contaminated the scene." Jimmy informed him.

"Thankfully Jack had been there, questioning Elise's parents, and was able to catch her in time." Brian continued.

Will rose a brow. "She was returned?"

"It appears that way. The person who took her, risked capture to do it too." Brian confirmed.

"None of the others have been found yet?"

Bev shook her head. "Nope."

"We're considering that the one who took and killed her, may not be the same person that took the other seven girls." Jimmy said.

Will stared at Elise. "No, it is the same person. Have you done the autopsy yet?"

"Nope, you're just in time for the show Graham." Brian joked. Dark humor was nothing new in the labs. When one delt with nightmarish sights, dark humor was the only way to cope with it.

***HANNIBAL LECTER AND WILL GRAHAM ***

"She has liver cancer." Jimmy looked up at the others in the room.

"She is defective. Unfit for what he had done to the others. He couldn't use her, so he returned her. Cleaned her body, dressed her in her nightgown. He brought her home and tucked her into bed. Brushing her hair back from her face.

"Returning her was an apology. Not for killing her, but because he could not honor her like he had the others. He is not one for wasting meat. Yet her death is a waste." Will swallowed hard, his eyes closing. His body stilled as a golden pendulum began to swing in his mind's eye. He saw himself entering the Nichols' home. Quietly making his way into Elise's bedroom. She was asleep and unaware. He climbed atop her, his hands coming to encircle Elise's delicate throat. He squeezed and her eyes flew open. She looked up at him in horror. She tried to fight, but it was too late. She was already dead.

Will's eyes snaped open. "You won't find the other girls. Killing Elise was a mistake he could not undo. He's eating them."

Hannibal

He had expected it all to remain the same, steady rhythm. Wake, cleanse himself, dress then head downstairs to make a marvelous breakfast for himself. He would read the daily newspaper upon the completion of his breakfast then see if TattleCrime had any interesting updates. From there he would head out to do his daily errands.

If it were a weekday, he would head off to his office and prepare for a day spent consoling clients. With a homemade, delectable lunch in between his late morning and afternoon clients. On the weekend he would simply return home for a lazy day of cleaning and baking. Perhaps some time spent at his lovely harpsicord.

His nights would continue to be filled with cooking and baking masterpieces. Followed be a solitary meal in the quiet of his dining room. A short sleep would lend him the energy he would need for a midnight stroll, should he decide to take one.

Fate however, ever the mischievous deity that she was, had decided that she had other plans for Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

HANNIBAL AND WILL

"Doctor Lecter, it is a pleasure to meet you. I am Agent Jack Crawford of the FBI." Jack held out his hand to the chubby man exiting from the psychiatry office. His other hand held out his credentials for examination.

"I hate to be rude Agent Crawford. This is however, a private area reserved for my patients."

"Oh. Doctor Lecter." Jack shoved his FBI badge back into his jacket pocket. "May I come in?"

"You may wait in the wait in the waiting room." Hannibal turned to the chubby man. "I will see you next week Mr. Froideueaux."

Hannibal returned to his office, closing and locking it behind him. He settled in to his desk chair and took up his notebook on Franklyn Froideueaux. He took his time updating his notations on the man and when exactly one hour passed, he rose and placed the notebook amongst the others. He made then made his way to his office door and the unexpected guest beyond it.

"Agent Crawford, please do come in." Hannibal stood aside, allowing for the other man to enter.

"Are you expecting another patient, doctor?"

"Not for another hour, agent."

"Good, good." Jack Crawford wondered the office, looking at the various works of art and books, but not really taking in anything that he saw. "I read your paper about social exclusion. It was an interesting read."

Jack paused next to a small desk, topped with a lamp and various papers. He pulled back a light sheet of paper, exposing a drawing of a building. "Is this your drawing, doctor? It has many details. I can see how your drawings lead to an internship at Jhons Hopkins."

"Am I under investigation, agent?"

Jack laughed. "Oh no doctor. I know a young mentee of yours. Alana Bloom." Jack turned to face Hannibal for the first time since entering the office. "She suggested you as the person to help me with a problem of mine."

"Dr. Bloom is a very smart young woman; I cannot imagine how I may help you where she could not."

"It seems my problem would cause her a conflict of interest should she help me with it."

"Ah, I see. Tell me Agent Crawford, how may I be of service to you?"

"I need you to provide me with a psychological profile on one of my men."

First Meeting

Chapter Notes

I have come to realize that Will is just pure evil in this story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I want you to see a therapist, Will."

Will paused in his examination of the crime board. His body tensed, the words and images blurring before his eyes as anger began to boil beneath his skin. Closing his eyes, Will inhaled, held his breath for the count of six then exhaled. He turned to face Jack. The man sat behind his desk, looking for all the world like the arrogant asshole that he was. Not that the man would ever realize that about himself.

"Excuse me?"

"I want you to see a therapist. It is not up for debate. I have already found you one that meets the requirements of the FBI and my personal preferences. Your first appointment is tonight." Jack held out a hand, a small yellow sticky note held between two fingers.

"What the fuck is this shit, Jack?!"

Jack glared at him. "I need to be sure that I am not sending an agent with a broken mind into the field. I can't have you having another break down, especially at a crime scene or in front of the media. Freddie Lounds was all over you and the FBI last time. I won't have you making a mockery out of the FBI again Will."

"Isn't Freddie Lounds out of the journalism world?"

"No. She is back at it. Seems that lawsuit you filed against her didn't teach her a damn thing."

Will chuckled without any humor. "She and quite a few doctors and nurses had to pay me a shitload of money for violation of my medical rights and HIPAA laws."

"Didn't even phase that harpy of a woman."

"Jack, why did you even want me back if you felt I would just be a liability to you and the FBI?"

"You know why. I can protect you eighty percent of the way. The rest is on you and this doctor Will."

"Fine, I'll go see this damn doctor. You will have that heavily needed beauty sleep, Jack."

HANNIBAL AND WILL

Those blue eyes made him feel as if he were drowning.

Will Graham was a grumpy man just an inch or two shorter than him. He wore his chocolate curls free and natural, a good choice for him as it softened his gruffness. His choice in cloths could use some improvement however. Khaki colored pants with a green plaid shirt and brown suit jacket. The outfit was a total disaster in Hannibal's eyes. Yet there was something pulling him to the younger man.

"Mr. Graham, please come in and have a seat." Hannibal stood to the side of the office door. One arm out in a polite invitation to enter the room. The man was silent as made his way from the waiting room, the scent of upset and displeasure following him.

"May I take your coat?"

Will stilled, his blue eyes taking in Hannibal. Time seemed to come to a standstill in Hannibal's world. "Sure." Hannibal's world sped back up, reaching normal once again. Will shrugged off his coat as well as his offensive suit jacket. Hannibal took both, holding them tightly to his body. He had to resist the urge to bring them up to his nose and inhale the other man's intoxicating scent. Applauding his strength of will and berating himself for the odd urges, Hannibal managed to hang up the items in his office closet.

Hannibal picked up a new leather-bound journal from the top of his desk before settling into the chair across from Will. "Evening Mr. Graham. I am Doctor Hannibal Lecter. I have been asked by your boss; an Agent Jack Crawford, Head of the BAU Department of the FBI; to be your therapist."

"Are you always so long winded, doctor?"

Hannibal chose to ignore his new patient's rudeness. It would not do to kill a FBI agent in his office. "You do not seem to be very pleased to be here Mr. Graham. Is it do to being forced by Agent Crawford or a general dislike of therapy?"

Will sniffed at the air, a smirk tipping his lips up to one side. "Normally I would say both. However, I believe it is the stench of cat that I smell that has me in such a foul mood."

Hannibal's facial muscles ticked ever so slightly. Most people would not notice the lack of control of his body, Will Graham however. The full smile and hidden laugh in his eyes, let Hannibal know that Will had not missed anything. Hannibal pursed his lips, contemplating his options. Kill the rude man or not to kill the rude man?

"Rude Mr. Graham, very rude indeed." Not to kill then

Will laughed heartily. Tears slipped from his eyes and he reached up to wipe them away. After a moment or two, Will calmed and settled back into his chair. The scent of upset about

the man had faded, leaving behind nothing but pleasure in its wake. "Please; call me Will, doctor. After all, we'll be seeing one another quite often from now on."

HANNIBAL AND WILL

"You're smiling."

"I have never been able to see behind the scenes of an FBI investigation before. I must say it is a very exciting opportunity for me to learn the ropes, as it were."

Will hummed his understanding. He turned off the car engine, turning to look out the windshield at the yellow trailer sitting on the edge of the construction site. He had not been pleased to be roused from his peaceful slumber at the ungodly hour of six in the morning by the doctor at his motel room door.

Yesterday, Jack had taken it upon himself to cancel all of Will's classes so he could send Will off to look into steel workers around the Minnesota area. Will was not pleased at the sudden decision. It threw off his system and routine, not to mention the fact that he would need find someone to dog-sit. Thankfully he had good friends in Beverly and Alana. Within an hour, Will found himself packed off to Minnesota without a single item of clothing. "Thanks Jack." Will grumbled internally.

To find his therapist standing outside his motel door had only angered him more. He had allowed the man into his room but had not bothered to dress, remaining in his old white t-shirt and boxers. The man had brought a protein scramble for them to share for breakfast. It had been so delicious that Will could not keep the thought to himself and had blurted it out loud. Much to his therapist's delight, though the man had tried to be humble in his acceptance of the compliment. The coffee though. That had been just what the doctor had ordered. It was enough to make Doctor Lecter welcome at Will's door at any time of day.

It was not enough to make Will happy that the doctor had been requested to accompany Will. Ignoring the doctor, Will left the car and headed for the trailer housing the worksite office. He knocked and was quickly greeted by a woman in her late thirties with brown hair and eyes.

"May I help you?"

"Hello, I am Agent Will Graham with the FBI." Will held out his credentials for the woman to read. He gestured to the doctor, who had finally managed to catch up with him. "This is Doctor Hannibal Lecter. We are here looking into steel workers and was wondering if you would provide us with your employee records."

"Um... please come in and take a seat. I will notify my boss that you are here."

Will settled into one, hard plastic chair; his eyes taking in everything in the office and about the woman. Everything was examined and filed according to what he found within his brain. Beside him, he noted that Hannibal was doing the same thing. It did not shock him to see the

doctor to be every bit aware of the world around him as Will was. Will had noted before just how observant the other man was during their first meeting.

Dr. Lecter was defiantly not all that he seemed to be. His speech was smooth but it could not hide his word games from Will, nor his general air of superiority that the man always seemed too wear. Was it a cat thing, or was it something more sinister? It was hard to say, yet Will found it all endearing all the same. He had to bite a laugh when the image of Hannibal rolling on the floor of his office, dressed in his expensive and well-tailored clothing, chasing a mouse or perhaps having a bit too much kitty nip; appeared in his mind. It was an enticing image and Will desperately wanted to see it come true.

Will's thoughts were brought to an abrupt end when the woman set the phone down and spoke to them. "My boss says you can take anything that you want, but you do need to return it in a timely manner. No longer than a month he says.

HANNIBAL AND WILL

"That was far easier than I had anticipated. Is it always so easy to get the information that you want?"

"No. That was unusual. It may be best to look into the company as well. Doctor, call Jack will you and pass on the information, will you?" Will pulled his seatbelt across his body, locking it into place. "Can't talk on the phone and drive at the same time, you know. It's dangerous." Will gave Hannibal a big shit eating grin.

Hannibal did not look all that pleased to be regulated to Will's messenger boy. However, he gave a nod and pulled his phone from his coat's pocket. His eyes met Will's. Without looking, the doctor dialed Jack's office number.

"Crawford." Jack barked into the phone.

"Hello Agent Crawford, this is Dr. Lecter."

"Oh, hello doctor." Jack's tone softened as much as a man like Jack could manage. "Is everything alright?"

Hannibal continued to look into Will's eyes. "Yes, it is. Will and I just conducted an interview, the company let us take the employee records without a problem. Will thought their co-operation was suspicious and that it would be wise to look into the company themselves as well as the employees."

"Alright. Is there anything else."

"No, that is all. Goodbye Agent Crawford." Hannibal ended the call without waiting for a parting from Jack.

Will reached over to Hannibal, his fingers softly tracing the other man's face. His fingers slid beneath Hannibal's chin, giving a gentle scratch. "Such a good little kitty, kitty."

Chapter End Notes

See? I told you that Will is evil.

The Hobbs Family

"Mister Hobbs?"

"Yes?"

"I am Agent Will Graham of the FBI." Will pulled his credentials free of his coat pocket, holding it out for the man before him to read. "This here is Doctor Hannibal Lecter, a consultant for the FBI. We would like to talk to you for a few minutes. May we come in?"

The man stepped forward, onto the front stoop of the house. The door closing quietly behind him. "No, sorry. My family and I are about to have breakfast, I would prefer for you to not bother my daughter."

Garrett Jacob Hobbs was a man of average height and weight. His light brown hair was receding. His eyes were a blue that reminded Will of dirty water. His face was free of old age but had not escaped a few laugh lines. His clothes were simple, not overly expensive; perhaps bought at a department store instead of a Walmart. There was a slight layer of sweat coating his skin; he nervous.

Will sniffed the air discretely. There was no trace of non-human mythos on Hobbs. He was definitely human then. Faint hints of blood; both animal and human, coated the man's skin. Will's eyes closed for a second, images flash behind his eyelids. Young women, no girls, laying in their beds. Asleep and unaware. His hands wrap around the girls' throats. His hands tighten, choking the life from the sleeping girls. The images change from the girls' rooms to a dark, wooden room – a cabin perhaps. Racks upon racks of antlers line the room; the girls, now dead, hang upon the antlers. Blood dripped from the punctures. He turned to see one of the girls laying on a table, split open down the center like one would slice open the center of an animal fresh from the hunt.

Will's eyes open. He looks down at his watch, mere seconds have passed; it had felt like hours to Will. Hobbs remained unaware of Will's little trip into his own mind; however, Will could feel Hannibal's gaze on him as if it were setting him on fire. The kitty cat really was far too observant for Will's peace of mind.

"Mister Hobbs, may we still ask you a few questions out here instead?"

"I would rather that you come back at a later time. When my daughter is out, would be more preferable."

"Alright; thank you, Mr. Hobbs."

Hobbs didn't reply, just simply opened the door to his home and slid back inside. Will could only see a dark oily substance slithering into the house. Garett Jacob Hobbs was the purest of evil. Will stepped back, positive that he had found the right man for the murders.

"Well, I do believe that went well." Hannibal smiled.

"Yes. We'll call Jack, let him know our suspicions and how everything went. He'll also want to know that we have found our killer."

"What makes you believe that Hobbs is the killer?" Hannibal asked.

"Surely you smelt it. The blood." Will looked up from beneath his lashes as he reached for the handle of his car. "Or is that cute wittle kwitty nosey wosey of yours not up to snuff?"

Hannibal lips twitched for a moment before he was taken over by a full body laugh. Tears wet Hannibal's eyes, his body bends in half. Will watches Hannibal, a smile on his own face. Eventually Hannibal clears his throat and straightens to stand properly once more. He fixes his clothing while his lips continue to twitch. "Has anyone ever told you; that you are a very rude pup, Will"

"All the time." Will tuned his grin onto Hannibal. "I do believe you have mentioned it a time or two."

"And yet, you persist in your rudeness."

"What can I say?" Will shrugged his shoulders. "It's all just a part of who I am."

Behind them, the front door to the Hobbs' house opened up. A woman with blond hair came stumbling out, her hands about her throat. Blood poured out over the woman's hands, down her body and onto the ground. Will and Hannibal raced to her side. The woman had collapsed onto the front stoop by the time they reached her. Will knelt beside the woman, one hand reaching out to check her pulse. Looking up at Hannibal, Will shook his head. "Dead." He says softly.

Will stood once again, he drew his gun from its holster. "Stay here, and call Jack." Will didn't wait for a reply, he stepped quietly into the Hobbs' home. His eyes dart, looking for any doorways that could allow for someone to sneak up behind him and harm him.

Soon, he came to the Hobbs' kitchen. Blood coated the walls and floor. Hobbs stood with his back to Will. A girl with brown hair lay on the floor, blood flowing from her throat like a red river. The daughter, Hobbs' golden ticket. "FBI! Drop your weapon!" Will called out.

"You ruined everything. She was so perfect. My precious little Abigail. The world wanted to take her and ruin her. Turn her into a drug addicted, alcohol abusing whore." The last word came out as snarl. Hobbs turned; a blood covered knife held in one hand. Will watched the blood drip from the tip of the knife onto the floor.

"Garett Jacob Hobbs, put your weapon down. I will not tell you again. " Will releases the safety on the gun.

"You came here. You wanted to take my daughter from me. Take her and use her for your own desires. You wanted to ruin her. I will not let you have her!"

Hobbs lunged at Will; the bloody knife held aloft. Hobbs did not scream or yell as he made to stab Will. He didn't make it far. One bullet to the center of Hobbs' head sent the obsessed

father falling to the floor of his own kitchen. Dead before he could even know it.

"How long have you been standing there?"

"From the very beginning, Will. I followed you in."

"Did you call Jack?"

"Not yet, no. I wished to see what you were going to do."

"Were you not concerned about your own safety, doctor?"

"No."

Will gave a dry chuckle. "You are a bastard, you know that?"

"I thought that I was a cute kitty cat." Hannibal had the audacity to actually pout.

HANNIBAL AND WILL

"You have an appointment with Dr. Lecter today at noon."

"Why?" Will asks grumpily. He slouched down into his seat; his arms crossed over his chest.

"You shot someone! In the head! With one shot!"

"So?"

"It is standard procedure for any personal involved in a shooting to see a councilor afterwards.

"Lecter is a consultant for the FBI and is a witness to the shooting." Will pointed out.

"Do not argue with me, Will?" Jack nearly shouted at Will.

"He is correct, Jack. Dr. Lecter cannot perform the evaluation without bias."

"Director Purnell." Jack grumbled.

"Morning Jack. Morning Agent Graham."

"What brings you here, to my humble office, Director?"

Purnell stepped into the office and held out a small scrap of paper out to Will. Will takes it without complaint. Looking down at it, Will had to hold back a grin. "Thank you, director."

"You're welcome." Purnell turned to face Jack. "I have arranged for Graham to meet with a different therapist that has been approved by the FBI."

"I must admit that I am surprised to see you here, Will."

"Oh?"

"When Jack informed that our meeting was to be canceled, I had thought that your weekly meetings may as well be canceled."

"Ah. The director felt that you would not be able to be unbiased when evaluating me for the shooting. You were there and witnessed the incident. You are also a consultant for the FBI."

"I cannot say that I disagree."

"Director Purnell may be come by sometime. I would not be surprised if she does so. Jack has been making decisions that are quite questionable of late. Hiring you as both a consultant and my therapist is one of those. To then have you do my evaluation is also suspicious."

"The director is worried about Jack."

"No." Will sat silently for some time, his fingers tracing the fabric of the chair he sat in. "Tell me, doctor. Is anything and everything I say to you in this room, confidential?"

"As long as you are not making any plans to harm or kill yourself or others; then yes, everything you say is confidential."

"Good." Will grinned. "Did Jack try to sneak any tape recorders in here?"

"Yes, he did in fact try. I had to remind him many times that it would not only be a violation of your privacy but possibly the privacy of my other patients as well. He was not happy about that."

"I am not surprised by that. Jack does not truly see me as a person. If he could, he would lock me up in the lab or his office, for his use at will."

"A dark thought for a man who calls himself your friend, Will."

"Jack and I are not friends. Never have been, never will be. I am not the only one who thinks this way about my relationship with Jack. Beverly Katz, you met her, and her girlfriend hate the way Jack treats me. Even Brian and Jimmy have pointed out how Jack seems to think that I am a tool and not a person."

"A fool he is then."

"Are you friends with Jack, doctor?"

"I consider Jack to be of my acquaintance and remain on friendly terms with him. As to friendship with Jack, I do not deem him of worth."

Will was silent for a moment. "What about us, doctor? Are we friends?"

"Such a relationship would be considered inappropriate, Will."

"You did not say no, doctor."

"No, I did not say no."

"Then perhaps I should call you Hannibal from now on then?"

"To hear you call me by my first name, would give me great pleasure."

A bell, soft in sound, rang. "It seems that our meeting for tonight has reached its end."

"That it has, dear Will."

They rose as one, heading towards the exit. Hannibal helped Will into his coat, taking a deep inhale as he did so. "Did you just smell me?"

"I could not help myself, I'm afraid. The overwhelming stench of dog was simply to overwhelming."

Will laughed. "Touché, Hannibal."

Unexpected Visit

Chapter Notes

Sorry that it is taking me so long to update. Sadly, I most likely will not be getting better at it

"Agent Will Graham Returns"

My dear readers; today I bring you news of the infamous Agent Will Graham returning to the field.

Two years ago, I brought you the news of Agent Graham retiring from actively stalling the killers plaguing the good people of America.

The formal and official reason for his leaving was illness. It was stated in official documents that Agent Will Graham had developed

a case of..."

NOT LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Will scoffed. "Freddie's always been obsessed with me. You know that."

Jack frowned. "Will, it's not her typical crap that I'm concerned about. It's the part where she states that you have two psychists."

Will was frowning now too. He leaned forward in his seat, scrubbing his hands over his face. "Freddie seems to never learn." He gave a dry, humorless laugh. "Looks like I'll be seeing her in court again."

"Will, this is serious. If you have two psychiatrists, it makes you look unstable and untrustworthy. This is going to look bad on the FBI, Will."

"Hardly. Freddie has violated medical privacy rights. Again." Will stood and grabbed his jacket off the back of the chair, shrugging it on. "Call me when you have a new case, Jack."

"WILL!" Jack shouted after him. Will hid a small grin as he exited the building, heading to his appointment with Hannibal.

NOT LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

"Have you seen Freddie Lounds' latest article?" Will asked as he shrugged his coat off with Hannibal's help.

Without pause, Hannibal brushed off whatever offending material had settled onto Will's jacket before hanging it up on the coat rack. "May I assume, by your question, that our dear Ms. Lounds has written about you?"

Will chuckled. "That she has. And may I assume, by your question, that you have not yet read the offending article?"

Hannibal gave a soft chuckle. "You may assume, dear Will."

Will took his place in the chair normally reserved for therapy sessions. Hannibal made his way to his desk, picking up a leather-bound journal and fancy pen before claiming his seat across from Will, crossing one leg over the other. "Would you care to discuss the article?"

"Yes. After all, it is the main reason I came to our session tonight."

Hannibal gave a faux pout. "I had thought you came as you enjoyed my company."

Will laughed. "I have found that you are occasionally pleasant company to have; my little kitty, kitty." Will sighed, relaxed and settled into the chair. "The article really pissed Jack off. He claims that what Freddie wrote makes the FBI look really bad. Will make people view me as unstable and dangerous."

"You believe the article to not do so."

"No, I know it doesn't do any of that. No, it makes Jack look bad. People are going to question his ability to continue his job an retain his current position at the FBI when people find out just how unaware he is about agents' health statuses and treatments. As for me, well what Freddie wrote about me is all private information that is not available to the public or the government. It is all protected information that even the president couldn't read it without getting my or a high raking judge to approve a warrant."

"From your words, it would seem that Freddie has divulged your medical information."

"She has, and it is not the first time. I sued her years back when she released information about my hospitalization. The doctor who gave her the information also had to pay me for the violation and lost their medical license and can never practice any type of medicine within the United States again."

Hannibal nodded his head, a look of disgust that Hannibal couldn't quite hide on his face. "A just punishment for one so rude as to violate a patient's right to privacy." Time slipped by as Hannibal regained control of his emotions and facial muscles. He could feel a twitching just above his right eye. While it was true that he found a doctor, or a nurse - any medical professional, really - selling out patients; the idea of someone doing this to Will Graham, bothered him in a way that was completely unfamiliar to him. Instead of the dislike and usual cold he felt for those he saw as no better as pigs fit to be slaughtered; Hannibal felt what

others would have termed to be raged. He wanted the doctor bleeding beneath him, screaming himself hoarse as Hannibal tore flesh away with his teeth and bare hands. He felt a need to gorge himself on the raw meat of the doctor.

"That is quite a dark look on your face there, Doctor Lecter."

Hannibal jumped as Will's voice filled the space between them. He had forgotten that the other man was there. Clearing his throat, Hannibal spoke. "It would seem the Ms. Lounds had not learned her lesson from her previous infringement upon you."

Before Will could reply, the door to Hannibal's office burst open. Jack storming in as if he owned the place. "Good that you are still here Doctor Lecter. I need to speak to you about Will Graham."

"And just what is it about me. that you need to Dr. Lecter; Jack?" Will asked calmly from where he sat.

Jack whirled around to face Will. Shock hitting him as he saw his agent sitting there for the very first time. "Will, what the fuck are you doing here?!"

Hannibal cleared his throat. "I will ask you to not speak in such a rude manner within my office Mr. Crawford. As to your question, Will is here for his scheduled therapy appointment with me. Which you have just interrupted."

Jack didn't feel an ounce of remorse for his behavior and language. As such, he offered no apology. "I would have thought you would have canceled your appointment with Lecter now that your secret is out, Will."

Hannibal looked to Will, one brow raised in query. "Secret?"

"The article that Freddy wrote about me today."

Hannibal nodded, "Ah, I see." Hannibal turned to face Jack once again. "I am sorry to say Jack, that I have not yet read the article and cannot help you in regards to it. I must also remind you that Agent Graham is my patient, as such I cannot discuss maters about him with you without his verbal and notarized written permission."

Jack's looked as if he was about to explode. ***"I HIRED YOU! YOU WORK FOR ME, LECTER! ME! YOU WILL TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW! NOW!"***

Calmly, Hannibal walked to his desk. He picked up the receiver of the old-fashioned rotary phone. His fingers moved quickly as he dialed a three-digit number. "Hello, my name is Doctor Hannibal Lecter. I am located at xxx xxxxx Street. There is a man here by the name of Jack Crawford. He is a FBI agent whom just forced his way into my office and is now attempting to force me to reveal information about a patient of mine to him. The patient whom I was in session with me, and I are afraid for our lives.

"No, he has not presented his credentials identifying himself as a FBI agent. No, he has not provided a warrant of any kind to me or my patient. Yes, he is alone. Yes. Thank you. I will

do so."

Hannibal set the receiver down on his desk, leaving the call to remain as he returned to his chair. "The police are on their way now. The emergency operator said they will be notifying the FBI of the current situation."

"You called the police on me?" Jack asked in disbelief.

"Yes."

"I AM THE FBI!"

Sirens could be heard in the distance. Jack stared at Hannibal. Hannibal stared back, unafraid. The sirens grew closer. Closer, closer, closer. Red and blue lights flashed along the front of the building. More sirens, slightly different from the first sounded in the distance, ever coming closer until they fell silent right outside the office. The three men in the office waited in silence. Jack breathed heavily, while Will hid his amusement at just how fucked Jack was. A knock sounded at the office door.

"This is FBI Director, Kate Purnell. May I come in?"

Hannibal looked at Jack, curious as to how the agent would react. Jack stilled, then burst towards the door and all but tore the door open. That was all Purnell needed to pull the trigger on her stun gun. Jack dropped to the floor, his body twitching here and there as electricity traversed his body. Purnell shook her head as the three FBI agents that had accompanied her moved to place Jack under arrest. She looked up to see Will and Hannibal sitting in their chairs, watching the scene unfolding before them. "I will send in the police officers to take your statements. Are either of you hurt and in need of emergency aid?"

"No, ma'am. Jack never touched me. Thankfully." Will replied, his voice shaky.

"Thank you for the kind offer of aid. However, I too am unharmed."

Purnell gave a brisk nod of acknowledgment then turned to follow her agents and Jack out of the office. It was not long before the promised officers came to take their statements.

It was nearing eleven at night by the time Hannibal and Will were finally able to leave. "The hour is late, Will. Would you like to spend the night at my home so as to avoid the long trip home?"

Will stretched tiredly and shook his head. "No. My dogs are waiting for me to return home, and all honesty; I would like to spend the night with them."

Hannibal nodding in understanding. "One's pack is best when one has experienced such a night as we have tonight."

Will eyed Hannibal, noting the sadness that had settled upon the other man. "Why don't you come to my place? It's not grand like your home and there's the dogs, but I think you'll like it."

Home For The Night

Will's eyes slid from the road to Hannibal sitting next to him. They were quiet as they made their way to Will's home all the way in Wolf Trap Vagina. Despite the late hour, Hannibal still looked amazing. His hair sat were it had hours before, his clothing held not a single wrinkle or speck of dust. He was handsome. Will brought his attention back to the road, suddenly feeling shy.

"I do believe that Director Purnell had not planned to meet me, the way that she had tonight." Hannibal suddenly spoke.

"No, I suppose not."

Earlier this week, Director Purnell contacted me. She wished to make a meeting with me so she may discuss with me, Agent Crawford's actions toward you." Hannibal turned to face Will. "She also wished to discuss the letter of complaint that I had sent."

Will frowned. "Letter?"

Hannibal hummed. "Yes. I was displeased by the way Agent Crawford was, not only treating you, but myself as well. I had heard that he had approached a number of my other patients."

Will shook his head. "I am sure that Purnell will keep her meeting with you. She is not a person to let any detail slip by her. No matter how minor it may be."

Will pulled the car to a stop as his home came into view. Turning the car off, he sat there, looking at the two-story farm house. A sense of pride and fondness settled into his chest. "Here we are. Home sweet home."

"It is a beautiful home, Will."

"Yeah, well; you should have seen it a few years back. I had let the poor place go to hell. I wasn't taking care of it. Or myself for that matter. Alana and Kat got on me after I got sick about it all. Between them, myself, Brian and Jimmy; the place got back up into tip top shape. I am grateful to them."

"They are good friends."

"Yes, they are. Good friends, good people." Will pulled the keys from the ignition and got out of the car. His steps were hurried as he caught the sounds of his dogs' excitement inside the house. He unlocked the door and opened. A heard of dogs poured out from the house. None of them bothered to great Will or investigate the new human at their home. Reaching the yard, the dogs split up and headed for the best places to release their bladders and intestines. Will chuckled. "They are not usually so rude."

Hannibal watched the dogs, a small smile on his face. "Their rudeness can be forgiven. The poor things have been home alone, awaiting their master's return."

"I know that you must be as hungry as I am, but I have to see to the dogs first. It is way past their dinner time."

"That is quite understandable, Will. Is there anything that I can help you with?"

Making the dogs' food went faster, and was made easier with Hannibal's help. Seeing Hanibal in his small kitchen, sent Will's heart beating a mile a minute. The older man was all grace and beauty as he practically danced from the refrigerator to the counters, to the cutting board to the stove. It was no time at all before Hannibal had completely taking over making the dogs' food. Leaving Will to just stand there and watch in awe.

They set the dishes down just along the wall just outside the kitchen. Will stepped outside and let out a sharp whistle. The dogs came running toward the house, pausing to line up at the door where Will knelt with a towel to wipe down their paws. Once their paws were clean, the dogs ran over to the food bowls, gobbling down their food. Will stood and locked up, returning to the kitchen to find that Hannibal had already begun to make a meal for the two of them. Will leaned against a counter, arms crossed over his chest and watched the beauty of Hannibal cooking.

DR. HANNIBAL LECTER & WILL GRAHAM

"You can have first dibs on the shower. I have some spare clothes that may fit you. The towels are in the linen closet behind the bathroom door." Will turned to head upstairs, only to stop at the bottom of them. He looked over his shoulder at Hannibal. "Unless you want company for your shower, it is best to lock the door."

Once upstairs, Will made for his room and his pajama dresser. Ever since he had met Alana and Beverly, they had been gifting him all kinds of silly pieces of clothing, mostly in the way of pajamas and hats. It had gotten so bad that he had needed a whole dresser just for sleepwear. He didn't complain though, enjoying their silly jokes and gifts. Sifting through the drawers, landed Will a set of soft, warm pants with dogs of different breeds on them and a plain white tee. Grinning, Will shoved the drawer closed with his hip and made his way to the guest bedroom.

Setting the clothing on the left side nightstand, Will stripped the current bedding off the bed and tossed it into the corner of the room. As much as Will loved his dogs, he knew that Hannibal wouldn't enjoy sleeping in a bed full dog hair.

"Are these clothes for me?"

Shocked; Will spun to see Hannibal standing right behind him, clad in nothing but a towel. A droplet of water fell from Hannibal's hair, landing on the man's shoulder. It slid down Hannibal's chest, dipping into strong abs then disappearing beneath the towel.

"Will?"

"Oh god." Will swallowed, nearly choaking. He closed his eyes and did his best to take deep, even, calming breaths. He opened his eyes, and there was Hannibal. Looking like some kind of God come down to Earth to tempt Will into sin. "Y-yeah, those are for you. I'll have other things for you in the morning to wear home."

"Thank you." Hannibal caught Will's gaze and held it. He smirked. "Like what you see, Will?" Hannibal released the towel from around his waist. Will's eyes fell with the towel, catching on the sight between Hannibal's thighs.

"Oh my god! He's fucking huge!" Will's body suddenly felt way too warm. He backed away from Hannibal. "I'll... I'll see you in the morning." He fled from the room, slamming the door behind him.

HANNIBAL AND WILL

"I read Ms. Louds' article. I received the impression that she holds a great hatred for you."

Will grunted an affirmative. He was exhausted. His dreams had been filled with a naked Hannibal. When he woke, he found himself drenched in sweat and cum. It was embarrassing - or it would be if Hannibal had been there to see it. Will's cheeks flushed as he realized that the other man was a cat shifter and could have easily smell it on him. He moaned aloud.

"Will?"

"I-I..." Will's body was flushed with warmth. "I barely slept last night. Every time I closed my eyes, there you were."

Hannibal grinned. "I had thought that I smelt sexual release this morning."

"You're such a bastard, Hannibal."

"My parents were certainly married when I was born, Will."

Will frowned. "You know what I meant."

"As I had mentioned, I find that Ms. Lounds seems to really dislike you."

"You said hate. Hate is more accurate."

Hannibal hummed. "As for what she had to tell, I must say that I am offended at her ability to violate a person's private medical records. It is obvious that someone leaked the information to her. An extremely rude offense for a person of the medical field to do. As for you having another therapist, Will; I am not wholly surprised. I believe that I am correct in assuming that this; Dr. Rebecca Richards, is the therapist who has been working with you since you began to recover from the encephalitis." Will nodded. "As from what you have told be about your return to the field, it makes since that you were continuing with Dr. Richards. Agent Crawford obviously didn't know of her and sent you to me. By force, if I recall correctly." Hannibal and Will laughed,

"Well, now that the cat - metaphorically - is out of the bag, I believe our therapy sessions will come to an end now."

"What?!"

"Will, you are not in need of my services."

"Oh." Will frowned. He tuned from Hannibal, looking down at the lovely breakfast the older man had made them instead. "Yeah."

"Perhaps, we may retain our friendship."

Will looked up at Hannibal again, hope lighting his eyes. "Hell yeah!"

Hannibal smiled, amused by both Will's excitement and his use of less than proper language. "I may also be able to remain as an official consultant for the FBI."

News

FBI ANOUNCES ARREST AND FIRING OF BAU HEAD, JACK CRAWFORD

Thursday evening at about seven thirty, a call came into 911 emergency services about a federal agent forcing their way into a privately owned psychiatrist office. The call was placed by Dr. Hannibal Lecter. According to sources, Crawford arrived at Dr. Lecter's office unannounced and entered the office where Dr. Lecter was currently having a therapy session with Agent Will Graham. For those who may not know, Agent Will Graham was released from active field work with the FBI awhile back due to NMDA Receptor Encephalitis. With his removal from field work, Agent Graham was placed as a professor at the FBI Acadamy. Recently, Agent Will Graham was reinstated as a field agent.

The FBI director, Kade Purnell, announced that Agent Graham's return to the field was due to his agreement to help investigate the head of the BAU department, Jack Crawford. Purnell stated that Crawford had approached her with a demand that Graham return to field work and his team. However, Graham refused to return due to both health concerns and the fact that he had no desire to work for Jack Crawford. Purnell then proposed the idea of Graham of returning in order to help investigate the wrong doings of Crawford. Graham agreed. Though Purnell did not say just what Crawford was under investigation for, it is believed that Crawford violated many laws regarding work ethics, patient rights and even victims of crimes rights. A source at the FBI states that Crawford had badgered people who had been victimize, treating them as if they were the perpetrator of the crimes. Both lawyers and victims had filed complaints against Crawford. The source also states that many agents working on Crawford's team have also filed complaints against Crawford.

With this latest and very public infraction, Crawford has been fired from the FBI and is currently fighting all charges and allegations filed against him. Crawford has made a public statement that he has done nothing wrong and he expects to be released soon and have all charges against him dropped. He is quoted as saying: "The FBI and Will Graham will regret betraying me. I'm coming for your job Kade."

****HANNIBAL LECTER AND WILL GRAHAM****

"I never thought Jack would end up in such a manner." Alana sighed as she set the newspaper she'd just read out loud aside.

"That's because you have to much faith in people." Beverly pointed her food filled fork at Alana. "I feel like I'm dreaming." She popped the food into her mouth.

"You never really worked with Jack, Alana. You saw him from time to time. Consulted on a case here and there. Met with a victim or two. But you never had to spend day after day, hour

after hour with him. Nor did you ever work directly under him. He couldn't abuse you like he could us."

"That doesn't mean that I was blind to what was going on. I saw how he treated you, Will."

"You also knew that I wasn't really putting up much of a fight. If not for you two, I may have gone right back to ignoring myself and my needs and killing myself for Jack."

"I don't think that is true, Will. I saw how fed up with him you were before you got really sick." Beverly stated.

"Anyway, that is enough about that." Alana waved her hand in the air. "Tell us what is going on with you, Will. Are you staying on the team or going back to teaching?"

"Actually, Purnell promoted me to be the new head of the BAU department."

Celebration

Chapter Notes

Happy Halloween

"I am now officially the head of the BAU department."

"And how does that make you feel, Will?"

Will paused, the tip of his fork brushing his lips. His eyes blinked slowly as his thoughts stopped then started again. Will's lips twitched, a smirk forming. "Dr. Lecter?"

Hannibal's eyes glinted with humor in the soft light of the candles placed about the dining room. "Is something wrong, Will?" Hannible brought his food filled fork up to his mouth. Will watched as Hannible slid the food and fork into his mouth, lips closing. He slid the now empty fork from his mouth. Will swallowed hard. Who know that eating could be so sexy? Hannible's tongue snaked out to lick at his lips, wiping away the non-existent food from his mouth. Will's pants began to feel too tight.

His breath caught in his throat and he closed his eyes. Will exhaled his old breath out then inhaled deeply, holding it for the count of three and exhaling again. His eyes opened and he eyed Hannible. Without hesitation, Will stood and rounded the table to where Hannible sat. His hands slid into Hannible's hair as he brought his mouth down to meet Hannible's. Hannible gasped in surprise, not having suspected Will to act so boldly. Lips brushed against one another. Will pulled away, his eyes meeting Hannible's.

Their lips came back together again. Will's tongue traced thin lips before slipping between them into the waiting cavern of Hannible's mouth. Hannible's tongue brushed against Will's. Will dragged his tongue along Hannible's teeth, tracing every dip, every valley and every very sharp point. Will jolted as Hannible's canine tore his tongue open, sending blond flowing into their kiss. Hannible growled. He stood, pressing Will against the dining table. His hands slid into Will's hair, holding the dark curls tightly. His tongue thrust into Will's mouth as Hannible took over the kiss.

Will's arms slid around Hannible's shoulders, pulling the older man closer. Hannible bit at Will's lip, drawing blood and causing them both to groan. Hannible's hands released their hold on Will's hair and moved down the back of his neck, over his strong shoulders. Hannible's hands took their time exploring Will's back through his shirt before moving beneath Will's shirt to touch bare flesh. Will moaned, tightening his hold on Hannible and bringing his legs up to wrap around the other man's waist. Hannible's hands grabbed Will's ass, squeezing tightly.

Hannible reached out and swiped the plates, silverware and wine glasses from the table. They crashed to the floor; sending food, wine, glass, fine China and silver wear everywhere. Will shuddered, raising his hips and rubbing his erection against Hannible's. They groaned at the contact. Without knowing how, Will found his shirt unbuttoned and sliding down off his shoulders onto the table. Will pulled at Hannible's tie, causing it to tighten around the older man's throat. Will pulled free of their kiss. Tugging on the tie, Will growled: "Take it off!"

Hannible nipped at Will's nose before releasing Will to undo his tie. Hannible took his time loosening and undoing his tie. His eyes never leaving Will who sat on top the dining table, breathing hard and flushed a near tomato red. Hannible let his tie slip to the floor as he moved to remove his suit jacket. Will's breath hiccupped as the jacket joined the tie on the floor. Hannible didn't stop there though. Next came his waistcoat and the buttons to his dress shirt, one by one. In slow motion, as if Hannible wished to draw out the moment for eternity. Hannible finally reached the last button of the shirt. He stopped all movement, his breathing calm as he stared with hooded eyes at Will. "So beautiful, my Will."

Hannible released the cufflinks at his wrists and allowed for his shirt to finally leave his body. He returned to his spot between Will's legs. Will reached out to run his hands over Hannible's chest and stomach. Curling his fingers into the soft hair covering Hannible's torso. Hannible reached behind Will to take hold of the tail that was now sitting above the younger man's bottom. He gave a firm squeeze of the base, causing Will to yelp, before stroking the upward towards the tail's tip. Will leaned away from Hannible, his eyes wide as he stared up at the older man. Slowly, Will raised one hand to his head. Fingers threaded through hair until meeting with the base of one furry, tall ear. Will's fingers traced the ear to its tip, a groan forming in his chest.

"What the hell!" He had gone and half-shifted in the heat of the moment. He hadn't popped into a half-shift since his teen years when all of his hormones were running rampant. His hand fell to the table, his ears lying flat against his head as he groaned in embarrassment. "FFFuuuuuuck!" Will scrubbed his hands over his face.

Hannible caressed the side of Will's face. "Never have I ever seen a more beautiful sight in all my life."

Will looked up at Hannible. The other man's eyes were partially closed with pleasure. His ears perked up slightly. "Really?" Behind him, Will could feel his tail wag lightly in anticipated joy.

Hannible chuckled softly as he placed a soft kiss to Will's forehead. "Yes, Will. You are an unbelievably stunning creature, my darling Will." Hannible pulled Will into a quick, gentle kiss before taking a few steps away and giving a small shake of his body. There, sprouting from the top of his head; were two short, pointy sandy colored ears. Will stared at those ears, his eyes wide. Hannible smirked. Hannible turned slightly, twitching his long golden tail so it would catch Will's attention. Will's eyes moved to Hannible's twitching tail. He moaned. Hannible moved to stand between Will's thighs again. Will reached out and grabbed Hannible's tail. He stroked his hand slowly from the base at Hannible's tailbone up to the very tip. Hannible pulled his tail from Will's hands. His tail whipped from side to side as a low

growl rumbled inside his chest.

Will looked up at Hannible. "Sorry."

"It is okay, Will." Hannible picked up one of Will's hands and brought it up to his head. Hannible nuzzled into the palm of Will's hand, a purring starting up inside him. Hannible released Will's hand. Will moved his hand upwards, towards Hannible's ear. He scratched gently behind the ear. Hannible's purr increased. Will dug his sharp nails/claws into the spot behind the ear. Hannible's purr vibrated throughout the room. He tilted his head towards Will's hands, trying to get all the best angles and best scratches. Then will found the puurrrrfect spot. Hannible cooed within his purr. Will chuckled. Hannible's eyes closed with the deep sense of pleasure radiating from the spot Will scratched. "Does my cute wittle kitty cat wike his earsies rubbed? Such a cute kitty, kitty." Will laughed and leaned forward to press a kiss to Hannible's nose. A deep shudder racked Hannible's body. He pulled his head away and opened his eyes to stare down at Will, his purr still vibrating deep within his chest.

NOT LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Hannible nibbled his way across Will's jaw, down over his throat. Hannible bit and sucked at the base of Will's neck, his sharp teeth broke skin, drawing blood. Will moaned, his hips grinding up against Hannible's own. Hannible lapped at the blood, moaning at the sweet taste. Will's hands slid into Hannible's hair, gripping it tight. They ground their hips together, groaning. Hannible slides his hands down Will's sides, gripping the younger man's hips as he ground down hard against them. Hannible left Will's throat, kissing his way down over Will's shoulder and across his chest. He lapped at one nipple as his fingers teased the other. He drew the nipple into his mouth, sucking lightly. His fingers plucked at the other nipple. Will's hands tightened in his hair and he pressed his chest up towards Hannible.

"Oh god Hannible. More please, more."

Hannible sucked harder, nipping and biting at it. He pulled, twisted and pinched at the other nipple. Hannible pulled his mouth free of Will’s nipple, much to the younger man’s dismay. “Shhh.” Hannible pressed a soft kiss to the nipple he had just left. His hands slipped downward, caressing over Will’s hips. He traced the space between thigh and groin. He pulled the button loose and slid the zipper downward.

Hannible gripped the waistbands of Will’s pants and boxers; slowly, he pulled them down until they caught on Will’s shoes. With quick fingers, Hannible had Will completely bare to his gaze. Standing, he pulled Will into a kiss as he ran his hands over the flesh now bare beneath him. Will’s skin was smooth as silk and lightly coated in soft, downy hair. Hannible took his time squeezing and stroking that fine ass of Will’s.

Will chuckled at the attention Hannible lavished on his backside. Moaning when the older man squeezed or scrapped his claws against it. Hannible pressed Will to lay down flat on the table, bringing the younger man's legs up to rest over Hannible's shoulders. Hannible pressed kiss along Will's inner thighs, nipping little bites in here and there. Hannible trailed the kisses down over Will's knees; down over strong, muscular legs to strong ankles and the most beautiful, sexiest feet he had ever seen. Hannible nibbled at the delicate arche of Will's foot, his tongue snaked out to lick a path along the bottom of Will's foot. Will's foot twitched and the younger man instinctively yanked at his leg in an attempt to flee Hannible's grasp. Hannible held tight to Will's legs, not letting the younger man escape him.

Hannible nibbled his way back up Will's legs, pausing as he reached the juncture of Will's thighs. Meeting Will's eyes, Hannible bent to the space between Will's sweet thighs. Slowly, he pressed his tongue to the base of Will's cock. Will jolted and a moan fell from his lips. Hannible traced a path up the bottom of Will's cock. Will moaned, his hands coming down to fist in Hannible's hair, his hips bucking. Hannible gripped Will's hips, holding the younger man still.

Hannible reached the head of Will's cock. He lightly traced the ridge of the cock head, tickling. Will's fingers tightened in Hannible's hair, pulling strands loose. Hannible licked his way back to the base of Will's cock. He lapped and nibbled, bringing moans from Will's mouth. Will wiggled beneath him; trying to escape the attention that Hannible lavished on his cock, while simultaneously trying to get all the closer to Hannible and the attention he lavished upon his cock.

Hannible swallowed Will's cock, burying his nose in the soft curls at the base. He inhaled, eyes closing as he took in the younger man's intoxicating scent. Slowly, Hannible made his way up before swallowing Will's cock again. Will moaned, twisting beneath Hannible's attentions. Hannible's hands slid down from Will's hips to cup and squeeze the younger's bottom. Will tugged on Hannible's hair.

"Oh god. Hannible." Will's hips thrust upward. Hannible pulled off of Will's cock with a chuckle.

"Enjoying yourself, Will?"

"Please. Please don't stop Hannible."

Hannible pressed a kiss to Will's knee. Gently, he removed Will's legs from his shoulders. Will groaned, attempting to drag Hannible back to him by wrapping his arms around Hannible's neck and his legs around the older man's waist. Hannible brushed Will's damp curls back from his face. He pressed a soft against Will's forehead. "Stay here Will."

Will whined and latched himself onto Hannible. Hannible removed Will from his person and settled him back onto the dining table. "I'll be right back, Will. Be patient sweet boy." Will pouted but nodded his head in agreement, his arms crossed over his chest in obvious upset.

Hannible headed for his bedroom, located on the second floor. His steps were quick and sure. He went straight for the nightstand on his side of the bed. Opening it, he took out a small

white bottle with no label. A small grin settled onto his lips. He bumped the nightstand drawer closed with his hip and made his way quickly back to Will.

Hannible returned to find Will laying back on the table, his legs bent at the knee and his feet resting on the table. Hannible leaned against the wall and watched as Will stroke his cock with hand and toyed with his nipples with the other hand. “Couldn’t wait for me could you, you impatient boy?”

Will didn’t stop pleasuring himself. “You were taking too long.”

“I was gone less then two minutes, Will.”

“It was still too long.”

Hannible chuckled as he settled back at the table. He ran his hands over Will’s legs, up to his hips. Will reached up with his arms, pulling Hannible down for another kiss. “Please Hannible.”

“Don’t worry, Will. I’ll give you all the pleasure you could ever want.” Will groaned, wrapping his arms around Hannible’s waist. Hannible pressed a kiss to Will’s cheek. His hands slid over Will’s buttocks to the crease between them. He ran his fingers over the crease, teasing Will.

“Hannible, don’t tease me. I want it all right now. Fuck me!”

“All in due time, Will. All in due time.” Hannible popped the top off of the bottle he had brought down. Squeezing out a sufficient amount of the cream inside, Hannible sat the bottle aside. He slid his now lubricated fingers between the crease of Will’s ass, spreading the cream along the warm flesh.

Slowly and gently, Hannible spread the lubricant for the top of Will’s crack to the base of Will’s balls. With every pass, Hannible would press against Will’s hole, both teasing Will and reading the younger man for what was to come. With the fourth pass, Hannible pushed against the hole and was welcomed inside. His finger entering the hole to the second knuckle. Will moaned, his head tilting back with pleasure. Hannible pulled his finger back slightly, then pushed it back in slowly. Will groaned in pleasure and pressed his ass back against Hannible’s finger.

Hannible added a second finger with the second thrust of his hand. Will cried out. “Hhhhanibbllllleeeee.” Hannible spread his fingers, stretching Will’s passage.

HANIBLE AND WILL

Hannible removed his fingers from inside Will’s body. The younger man was a mess of

sweat, drool, tears, lubricant and precum. He was utterly beautiful. Hannible placed Will's legs over his shoulders. He lubed up his own cock, then lined it up with Will's hole. He entered his boy all the way to the base of his cock, his pelvis slapping against Will's ass cheeks, in one thrust. Will's body tensed, his mouth opened on a scream, his eyes closed and his cock twitching. Cum covered Will's chest, stomach and face as the younger man found his climax after being denied it for so long. Hannible didn't wait for Will's body to adjust to this new intrusion. He pulled out then thrust back in with all his strength, setting a brutal pace.

Will's body was lax with his orgasm. He could feel Hannible inside him, moving with harsh movements. It hurt in the best of ways. Suddenly, Hannible slowed his movements. Will whimpered, unhappy at the new pace. He tried to speak, to tell his lover that he wanted it hard and fast, brutal; but all he could get out was a barley there cry. Hannible brushed Will's hair back from Will's face. Their eyes met. Hannible wrapped his arms around Will and lifted him up off of the table. Will's eyes widened in amazement, as Hannible carried him from the room, up the stairs and into a bedroom. All while remaining inside his body. Fucking bastard.

Hannible threw Will onto the bed. Hannible covered Will's body with his own. He pressed kisses to Will's flesh, then turned the younger man over to lay on his stomach. Hannible pulled pillows down from the head of the bed and tucked them beneath Will's hips. Hannible then wasted no time reentering Will's body. His pace was slow and gentle, leaving Will wanting more.

"Hannible, please. I need more." Hannible pressed a kiss to the back of Will's head. Will groaned as Hannible continued his slow pace. "Fucking bastard." Will tried to thrust back at Hannible. He didn't get what he wanted though, as Hannible held his hips still. "Fucking sadist." Hannible chuckled.

"If you want more, then shift for me, Will. I want to see your werewolf. Let me see it, Will."

Will groaned. "Only if you show me your werecat."

"Of course, dear Will." Hannible leaned forward. He licked a path up from Will's shoulder to his jaw. Will moaned. Hannible bit at the space where Will's throat met shoulder. Will shuddered.

Dark fur settled along Will's skin. Will's body grew in size, muscles bulging where they had once been sleek and slender. His face elongated, becoming a canine snout. Whiskers sprouted from his face. Long, sharp, predatory teeth lined a snarling mouth. Shift finished, Will was a beautiful example of a strong, healthy werewolf.

Hannible sucked in a breath. "So beautiful, my darling boy."

"Your turn, old man."

With a chuckle, Hannible released his werecat form. His body grew in size, matching Will's six-foot, eight-inch height. His muscles grew, yet maintained the sleekness of a cat. Golden fur covered his body and whiskers sprung from his face. He withdrew his body from Will's

and stood, letting Will take in his form. Will rolled over, his eyes taking in Hannible. He was beautiful.

Hannible slid his body over Will's. He pressed his kitty nose against Will's wolf nose. He ran his tongue across Will's cheek. Will titled his hips upward, grinding himself against Hannible. Hannible lifted Will's hips up, placing the pillows once again beneath Will's hips. Once Hannible had Will the way he wanted him, Hannible slid himself back inside Will. Will wrapped himself around Hannible.

The Chesapeake Ripper Caught
By: Freddie Lounds

For over a decade, The Chesapeake Ripper has haunted our community. The Ripper walks our streets, stalking us. When struck with inspiration, The Ripper strikes and kills. The Ripper's murders always come in threes and are always displayed in grotesque displays of horribly distorted renditions of famous artworks. The Ripper's last kill was displayed as the wound man. The victim had been stabbed with items from his own workshop.

After this gruesome kill, The Chesapeake Ripper went silent. For the past three years, we have not heard a peep from The Ripper. Until now that is. Last night; I was contacted by Dr. Fredrick Chilton, the director of The Balitmore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. Dr. Chilton states that he currently has the infamous killer in his hospital. Two years ago, a man named Abel Gideon was arrested after slaughtering his entire family.

Over the past year, Dr. Chilton has been working with Gideon in his treatment for his mental disturbance. During Gideon's treatment, Dr. Chilton had come to the conclusion that Abel Gideon is in fact The Chesapeake Ripper. "Abel Gideon displays on the characters of The Ripper. Arrogance, pride, vanity, surgery skills." - Dr. Fredrick Chilton.

As to why The Ripper killed his family, Dr. Chilton states: "Gideon was frowned upon by his wife and her parents. Nothing he ever did was good enough for them. Even his own children were beginning to think of him as a looser incapable of doing the simplest tasks on his own. Killing had become his outlet. The displays were his way of proving his family wrong. It was still not good enough for them. So, he killed them over the family's Thanksgiving meal." The director of the BSHCI, goes on to say that due to the stress of work and family life, Gideon blocked out all but the murder of his family, forgetting that he is The Chesapeake Ripper. However, due to his therapy, Gideon is remembering who he is and all the murders he has committed as The Ripper. "He will one day soon, face the consequences for his actions as The Chesapeake Ripper." - Dr. Fredrick Chilton

As of yet, the FBI have made no statements in regards to Abel Gideon and this new information regarding The Chesapeake Ripper. Due they simply wish to keep this under wraps? If so, why? Or is the FBI simply too embarrassed to have failed to find and arrest The Ripper? This investigative journalist intends to find out.

This is Freddy Lounds signing off.

Dr. Abel Gideon & The Chesapeake Ripper PART 1

Will groaned as he rolled over, leaving the warmth of his lover's arms. Somewhere close by, his phone was ringing with persisting annoyance. Scrubbing his hands over his face, Will sat up and tried to blink the sleep from his eyes. A light emitted from the bedside table as his phone once again rang out into the otherwise silent room. Pinking it up, he squinted at the screen; six am. "Fuck." The phone rang again, Beverly Kats' name and smiling face glared up at him. With a sigh, he answered. "Graham."

"And good morning to you too, sunshine."

"Bev, it's six in the morning."

"Booooo." She blew a raspberry at him. "You're just a grumpy puss."

"Not everyone is an early bird, Bev. Now, is there a reason you're calling me this damn early in the morning, or did you just miss me?"

"Miss you? Me? Never." Bev chuckled while Will simply smiled, still too tired to so much else. "Yeah, in all seriousness, there is a reason that I called you. You aren't going to like it."

"There is very little I do like. Is it Freddy again?"

"Yup, and she's worse than ever before. However, she isn't digging her grave alone. The director of the BSHCI decided to dig his own right next to hers."

"Chilton?"

"Yeah, that's the name."

Will groaned, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose. "What did they do?"

"Oh no, you aren't tricking me into telling you. You have to read Freddie's latest article if you want to know anything. I already sent a link to your phone. Have fun reading!" With that, the were-rabbit hung up.

BOOPED YOUR NOSE

With a curse, Will threw his phone onto the bed, nearly hitting Hannible in the face. The older man lay on his side, head propped on one hand. With Will's outburst, one of his brows rose in question. Will paced the bedroom from one wall to the other. Hannible watched with mild amusement that he failed - didn't bother to even try - to hide. "Something wrong my dear Will."

Will pulled at his hair before spinning on his heal to point at the phone on the bed. "Read the article that bitch wrote."

"Will, language please."

Will frowned. "Just read it, please." Will let out a sigh.

Hannible picked the phone and held it up so Will could see the lock screen. Will frowned. "As if you don't know the code to unlock it already." Hannible just grinned like a cat who caught the blue jay and unlock Will's phone. "Bastard." Will whispered beneath his breath. Hannible looked up at Will, still smiling, unbothered by the name calling. Will climbed back into the bed and snuggled up to Hannible as the older man read. Hannible wrapped one arm around Will, his hand cupping the back of the younger man's head, his fingers playing with the messy tangle of Will's curls.

Will felt Hannible's body tense and he looked up to see a seething rage sitting in Hannible's eyes. As Will watched, Hannible regained control over his body and that dark look disappeared from his eyes as if it were never there to begin with. Hannible turned the phone off and handed it back to Will, who just set it on the table again before turning to snuggle back into Hannible's very warm body.

"I can understand your upset now. Fredrick has made a grave error in judgment by telling Ms. Lounds that he has captured The Chesapeake Ripper. It is genuinely concerning that he has not approached the FBI with his findings, let alone, let you know that he had thought he had the uncaught killer to begin with. Not to mention that he has violated Dr. Gideon's privacy and doctor - patient confidentiality." Hannible shook his head. "I can only imagine that he is deeply in the wrong and has more than likely has falsified the story."

"Chilton is not above using unconventional, or rather, illegal means."

"You have met Fredrick, I take it then, dear Will?"

Will shuddered. "Yes. Fucking bastard tried his damnedest to get me locked up in the BSHCI when I was sick. He told everyone who would listen that I was crazy and a danger to myself and others. Even went as far as to deny my illness after being diagnosed and hospitalized. He and Freddy had a good chat about me. He was the reasons Freddie has such a hate boner for me. She believes anything and everything that man says about me. Or just near everything."

"I have had the misfortune of making Fredrick's acquaintance on more than one occasion, I'm afraid. He has made the impression of someone suffering from narcissism."

"Chilton has a deep seeded belief that he is better than he actually is. He failed at being a surgeon you know." Hannible nodded in acknowledgment. "He wasn't able to start his own private practice a psychologist and he cost the places he worked many of their patients. It is a wonder how he ended up as the director of the BSHCI. Blackmail, most likely." Will shook his head. "Bastard should have lost his licenses to practice a long time ago. Now this shit is happening.

"I won't let it continue though. This time, Chilton signed his own death."

BOOPED YOUR NOSE

"Doctor Bloom, Doctor Lecter; it is an honor to have you come and visit my humble hospital. Agent Graham. Please, follow me this way." Dr. Fredrick Chilton spun on his heel. He spoke only to Hannible and Alana, ignoring the agent as if he wasn't even there.

Dr. Chilton's office was located on the very top floor of the hospital and took up nearly the entire floor. The room was white with faux gold trimming. A large window overlooked the courtyard and the patients within it. Floor to ceiling bookshelves lined the wall opposite the window. To one side of the room sat a little sitting area, complete with two overstuffed loveseats, matching chairs and table. In the center of the room sat an oversized wooden desk, a deep burgundy chair nestled into the leg space beneath. It was tacky and gaudy. It suited Chilton.

Will settled against the window, his arms crossed over his chest and his eyes on Dr. Chilton. Hannible graciously helped Alana into one of the overstuffed white chairs settled before Chilton's desk before claiming the second chair for himself. Chilton seated himself behind his desk. "As honored as I am to have two of the brightest minds of the psychological world, visiting my hospital; I must ask what it is that has brought you here."

"Dr. Abel Gideon." Alana stated kindly.

"Ahh. The Chesapeake Ripper. I should have known."

"Dr, Gideon isn't The Ripper."

The three other people in the room turned to look at Will. Hannible gave a brief nod of agreement while Alana frowned. She didn't disagree with Will's statement; in fact, she fully agreed with Will. However, "We don't know that. Without a full investigation by the FBI and interviews with Gideon, we cannot know the truth." She turned to face Chilton. "I do not mean to offend."

"None taken, Dr. Bloom. I assure you." Chilton's face softened from badly hidden rage at Will, to an almost besotted look as he faced Allana. "I understand completely. But I must disagree with you Agent Graham. I know that Abel Gideon is in fact The Chesapeake Ripper. I not only have personally worked on The Ripper case; I have spoken with Abel on many occasions." Chilton was quiet for a moment, enjoying what he felt was a victory over Will. "I also have all the evidence to prove that Abel Gideon is, in fact, The Chesapeake Ripper."

Dr. Abel Gideon & The Chesapeake Ripper PART 2

The morgue was frigid. A few lights were lit, casting the majority of the room in shadow. It left on with a sense of eeriness. Of wrongness. Dr. Chilton marched through the room, an air of pride and confidence about him. He stopped in front of one of the body lockers. With a flourish - as if he were presenting some kind of grand prize – Chilton opened the locker and pulled the body of the young nurse free. "Behold, the latest victim of The Chesapeake Ripper."

Beside Will, Dr. Lecter's body tensed ever so slightly. Frowning, Will turned to look at his companion. There was a glittering green to his eyes that no one but Will seemed to notice. When the doctor spoke, his voice was deeper, darker than normal. "She was killed by Dr. Abel Gideon?"

"Yes." Chilton preened under the older doctor's attention. "Yesterday morning, Abel faked a medical emergency. He was found by an orderly making their rounds, laying on the floor of his cell; blood leaking from his mouth. He was taken to the medical wing of the hospital. While Sarah here, was prepping the IV, Abel freed himself from his bindings.

"He attacked her from behind, choking her until she was unconscious. He then proceeded to rip her eyes out and impale her body with whatever medical equipment he could find. Faithfully recreating his last known kill – The Wound Man."

Will could practically hear Dr. Lecter grinding his teeth. Warmth flooded Will's body at the thought of seeing behind his lover's "I'm a perfectly normal person" person suit. His lover held a much darker side and it was reacting to what was happening right now. It was not happy. It was angry, violently so. Did it know who The Ripper really w—Oh! Oh no.

"Fedrick, please tell me that you reported the murder to the police."

Chilton waved his hand at Will dismissively. "We have the new head of the BAU right here, do we not?"

"I was not informed of any murder taking place here at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. Nor have I investigated any such murder."

"I am informing you know Mr. Graham."

"A whole day after the murder had taken place. Tell me, Dr. Chilton; how did the body come to be here?"

"Oh, I had my orderlies bring her here after removing the medical equipment from her body."

"What about the scene of the murder?"

Chilton waved his hand in the air, as if the question did not matter. "My orderlies cleaned it all up."

"Oh, Fedrick." Alana closed her eyes, a hand pressed to her forehead as if her head hurt.

"Dr. Chilton, did you not consult on The Chesapeake Ripper case?" Dr. Lecter asked, his voice much calmer than before.

"I did indeed." Chilton's chest puffed up with pride.

"The Wound Man case only though, if my memory serves correct." Dr. Lecter stated, nearly smug.

Chilton deflated. "Yes." He perked up. "Well with that being the last murder of The Ripper, I was unable to lend out my expertise further."

"There were the older murders that you could have studied." Dr. Lecter's smile was nearly evil.

"Hannible, what are you saying?" Alana's face had paled. She knew what Hanible was saying, but was obviously hoping that she was wrong.

Chilton was frowning, catching on to the fact that he was not all was right in regards to himself.

"Psychic driving may be frowned upon in our field; however, that does not mean that it is not done." Dr. Lecter stated.

Chilton paled, caught. "I assure you, that I have done no such thing to any of my patients, let alone Abel."

"And yet, the sole Ripper case you consulted on is the one Dr. Gideon reenacted." Will grinned, smug satisfaction filling him.

"By the way, where is Dr. Abel Gideon?" Dr. Lecter asked.

Chilton swallowed, nearly choaking on the air he breathed in. "He uh, he escaped late last night."

Will bit back his laughter. "I'm sorry to say that given all the information you have willingly given us, Dr. Chilton; I have no choice but to arrest you." Will pulled out his handcuffs. "Dr. Fredrick Chilton, you are under arrest for failing to report a murder in your facility, for interfering with justice, interfering with a murder, hiding a murder, aiding in said murder and for said murder. You have the right to remain silent, anything that you say can and may be used against you in the court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford one, one can be appointed for you. Do you understand these rights and charges as I have stated them to you?"

Chilton nodded. "Yes."

"Please turn around and place your hands behind your back, Dr. Chilton."

HANNIBAL AND WILL

It was the most beautiful thing that he had ever seen. Three angels knelt before a stone alter where a young man lay. The angels were all blond with varying lengths of hair. Each angel was dressed in golden silk gowns glittering with blood red jewels. Upon their backs, were heavy, white feathered wings. Upon closer inspection, one could see black and blood red feathers hidden among the white feathers. More white, red and black feathers were braided into the angels' hair.

The angels' hands were out stretched towards the alter and the man laying upon it. Offerings of grapes, pomegranates, meat, fish and their very own hearts lay in their hands. The man on the alter was nude but for the red silk draped over his groin. His hair was a riot of brunette curls around his head. His eyes lay closed, his lush lashes brushing gently against lightly tanned cheeks. He looked for all the world as if he was sleeping peacefully instead of stone-cold dead. Beneath his crossed arms was a small incision that had been neatly sewn back together.

Will closed his eyes, his heart beat slowing as he saw his golden pendulum swing. A dark room made of dirt and stone appeared. "The room is cold and dark. Plastic and metal hand from the ceiling. Lights snap on, causing the room to become even more frightening than it had been in the dark. Footsteps, light and sure. A face appears above me. I don't recognize it but I know that I have seen it somewhere before.

"The man before me is handsome, yet he is nothing more than a pig to me. He is vile and rude. A waste of space to this world. With his death he will be elevated above his former pig self. He will be beautiful. With his death, my message will be complete.

"I dress in protective items to prevent my clothing from being contaminated by the pig's blood. I pick up the scalpel. The pig is restrained and lightly sedated – so as to not spoil the meat. I slice easily into the pig's flesh. I pin open the flesh before taking up the -"

Bright light blinds Will, erasing the images playing behind his eyelids. Upset, Will opens his eyes to find none other than Freddie Lounds standing in front of him, camera in hand and a grin in on her face. Looking around, Will notes that they are standing right next to the crime scene. Frowning, he calls out: "Who let the press beyond the barrier?! Get them out before they contaminate the scene!"

Ripper on the Loose

Chapter Notes

I decided to end this story here. I am currently working on a second part to this story.

"You're playing a dangerous game, Hannibal."

The older man looked up from where he was prepping that evening's meal, one silver blond brow raised. "Oh?"

"You have so many people fooled, blinded to who - what – you really are. You prance in the face of the FBI. Giving them all the answers that that could want in a damn hand delivered gift basket. The elite of Baltimore fawn over you; begging for your attention like dogs." Standing, Will rounded the island. "You even have Alana wrapped around your little finger."

Will placed a hand over Hannibal's heart. "You have them all fooled, Hannibal. But you cannot fool me." He shoved Hannibal back slightly. "I've seen the darkness in you that you hold so tightly closed behind that person suit of yours. I've seen it from the moment I laid eyes on you. No matter how tightly you sew those seems closed, I can still see between them. I can see deep into your darkest parts, Hannibal. You know this. It is why you hide so much harder from me than the others. Your scared that I won't stay if I know the truth. Scared that I will stay anyways. You see me as an equal, that isn't what scares you though. No, it's the way you feel for me. The way your heart pumps just that bit faster when you see me, think of me. The fear that slides down your spine when the thought of my coming to some form of harm. That is what truly scares you.

"I know not what happened in your past to make you the way that you are – or if you were simply born as is and have never been any other way." Will frowned. "No. It is the mix of the two, isn't it?" Will caressed the side of Hannibal's face. "You have been greatly angered recently; I saw it at the morgue. Your darkness had risen to the surface, exposing you to anyone that dared to look. And I was looking, Hannibal.

"You wanted the world to know they had made a grave error, so you took a calculated risk. Made a display for the first time in many years. However, showing them the error of their ways was not the only thing you wanted to say." Will slid his hands over Hannibal's chest. "It was beautiful Hannibal. Oh, so beautiful." Will's hands slid up over Hannibal's shoulders. The younger man moved closer to his lover, brushing his body against the older man's. Will's hands locked behind Hannibal's neck. "I love you, Hannibal. Every single part of you. I will not run from you nor will I turn my back on you."

Hannibal's hands settled about Will's hips. "Do you see me, Will? Truly see me?"

"I do, Hannibal."

"Then come with me." Hannibal took Will's hand in his own. Hannibal led Will over to his pantry. Excitement coursed through Will as he followed behind his lover. Hannibal entered the pantry and moved over to the back wall. Moving a few items aside, he revealed a part of the wall. Hannibal pressed his hand flat against the wall. A soft 'snick' was heard before a tiny panel in the wall moved aside, revealing a blue button. Hannibal took a step back and nodded toward the button. "Go ahead and press it, Will."

Will didn't hesitate. Button pressed, the sound of a lock unlocking. Will turned to see a section of the pantry floor slide away from the rest of the floor. Blackness stared up at him. Will's heart beat faster. Hannibal led him to the gaping blackness. He stepped into the blackness. A light clicked on, revealing a steep set of stairs. Will followed his lover down beneath his home. Rows upon rows of wine and champagne bottles glinted at Will. Will's eyes scanned the room; but there was nothing other than the alcohol. Hannibal came to a stop at one of the rows of wine, turning to look down at Will. "What do you think, Will?"

Will frowned. "Hannibal?"

"Is this not what you expected to find down here Will?"

Will pulled his hand free of Hannibal's. He spun on his heal to stare at the older man. "You know damn well that this is not what I wanted to see, Hannibal."

"Just what were you expecting to find down here then?"

"Don't fuck with me Hannibal. I know that you are the Chesapeake Ripper. You damn near shouted it right in my ear with that display of yours."

"You believe me to be the Ripper? You truly believe that I could do such despicable things to people?"

"Art. It's art, Hannibal. What the Ripper does is art."

Hannibal seemed to soften, his body relaxing. A soft smile touched Hannibal's lips. Will growled. "Fuck you, Hannibal and your fucking mind games." Without warning, Will launched himself at Hannibal. Will's body shifted from full human to full on werewolf mid launch. Though surprised by the attack, Hannibal managed to sidestep the attack. He caught Will from behind and slammed the wolf against one stony wall. Will grunted as he met the hard, unforgiving surface. Will caught his breath then shoved back against Hannibal with all his strength. Hannibal stumbled backwards, keeping his hold on Will. Annoyed, Will growled. He lashed out with one large, clawed hand. Hannibal hissed as Will's claws caught him on the jaw, digging in deep.

Hannible wrenched his face away from Will's claws and shoved the younger man to the basement floor. Will was up in an instant and aiming a punch at Hannibal's center. Hannibal blocked the blow, kicking out in retaliation. The kick landed against Will's knee. The wolf grunted and stumbled, managing to keep his footing. Hannibal took advantage of Will's distraction. He leapt on the werewolf's back, wrapping his arm around the wolf's throat,

cutting off Will's air supply. Will thrashed, attempting to get Hannibal off of him, but the older man kept his hold until Will collapsed, unconscious.

NOT LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Hannibal watched as Will's body slowly changed from werewolf to human. The fur went first, slowly shrinking and returning to human hair. Next to fade was the ears and muzzle, both shrinking and reshaping until they were once again human. The last to go is the large, muscular build that came with the Will's werewolf form. The sudden shift had rendered Will's clothes torn to pieces on the basement floor, leaving Will completely nude post shift.

Hannibal took advantage of Will's state to admire his love. Will was the most beautiful creature he had ever had the pleasure of laying eyes. The art masters of old would have envied Will his beauty, knowing that none of their creations could compare, knowing that they would never be able to capture his beauty in any of the mediums they used. Will's beauty was beyond this world.

All too soon, Will was awake and staring up at Hannibal with frown. "Hannibal."

"I am right here, Will."

"Get off of me." Will shoved at his lover. Hannibal moved away from Will without protest.

Will stood. He glared at Hannibal. "You are the world's biggest asshole, Hannibal." Tears traced a path down Will's cheeks. Will brushed them away angrily.

To Hannibal's great surprise, he felt his heart clench within his chest. Hannibal reached for Will but the younger man backed away and turned his back on Hannibal. Acting quickly, Hannibal moved to the back of the wine cellar. He pressed one of the stones inward. Next to the pressed stone, a part of the wall swung inward. "Will." He called out softly.

Will stilled, one bare foot on the first step. Will inhaled deeply before turning to look at Hannibal once more. The young man's eyes widened as he caught sight of the opening in the back wall. Will growled, a scowl on his face. "Why the fuck do I put up with you?!" Will stomped his way over to Hannibal's side.

"I always wanted you to see my true self, Will. You are the first person I have ever met that is my equal in every way. Yet; when the time came, I let my fear get the better of me. I do not regret my actions, Will; for they allowed your righteous anger to grace me. I do regret, however, that I caused you to feel sadness and doubts regarding my feelings for you."

Hannibal moved closer to Will, wrapping his arms around Will's waist. "I love you, Will Graham. With everything that I am. I want you by my side at all times. I want to hunt with you by my side. I want to watch you eat our prey. I want you." Hannibal pressed his lips to Will's in a chaste kiss.

Will's hands came up to cup Hannibal's jaw. Will pulled from the kiss to look Hannibal in the eye. "I love you as well, Hannibal. I want to be by your side always and forever. I want to laze by your side in the evenings, hunt with you in the dark of the night, wake by your side in the morning. I want to eat our prey and watch you feed it to all those unknowing fools that flock to worship your feet." Will pressed a soft kiss to Hannibal's lips.

"Show me your darkness."

End Notes

This is my first time writing for the Hannibal (TV) Fandom. Hope I will do well by the readers and fandom.

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